

# The People's Press.

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NO. 10.

## The People's Press.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.  
TERMS—CASH IN ADVANCE.  
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" " three months.....75  
LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO CLUBS.

## The Eden of Wild Wood.

Paul Renford was thunder-struck. For once in his life he was aroused to something like consideration of a subject in hand.

Paul was four and twenty. At the age of eighteen he had been left an orphan, an heir to an estate worth a million; and his uncle—his mother's brother—had been appointed his guardian. This uncle was Anson Betterman, an enterprising merchant, and a true hearted man. After Paul came of age, and became master of his property, through the advice of his uncle he employed a lawyer named Lovett, to act as his agent—to look after rents, and so on—and gradually this Lovett, who proved to be a sly and ready man of business, had gained into his hands the entire control of the whole property; and so implicitly had Paul trusted him that he had not even distinguished vouchers for his bank transactions.

In fact, Paul Renford had degenerated into a listless, aimless being. His natural abilities, of the very highest order, had been prostituted to the most baseness of all parasites—the mere seeking of pleasure for the purpose of killing time. At first he had lived moderately; his youthful vigor had kept him from the need of stimulants; but of late a long continued round of dissipation—parties, balls, clubs and billiards, in which night was appropriated to wakefulness and the day to sleep—had so reduced his physical vim that without stimulants found no comfort.

And now Anson Betterman had come to inform him that Porter Lovett had left the country with every available scrap of his property. "Do you mean—" gasped Paul, when he could breathe, "that he has taken all?"

"Yes—everything. You had allowed him such unlimited sway that he found no difficulty in getting every dollar into his hands."

"And I am penniless?"

"You know best whether you had any of your property invested in business."

"Not a penny."

"Then I fear that you have little at hand which you can call your own."

"In heaven's name, Uncle Anson, what shall I do?"

"Buddy, Paul, I see but two ways open to you. You can lie down and wither and die under the stroke, or you can do as thousands of others have done in misfortune—rouse yourself, put on the whole armor of manhood, and fight the battle bravely."

"I must earn my own living!"

"It would such so."

"And how?"

"I can give you a place in my store."

"No, no, I cannot commence the battle here—not here in the city, where I have let the van of folly and dissipation. Let me have time to think."

"All right, my boy, and meantime I will be thinking too."

"On the following day Mr. Betterman called again; but Paul had not thought what he would do.

"What have you thought, uncle?"

"I'll tell you what I have thought, my boy. Back in the country—and not very far from the city—are the mills owned by my friend Sergeant. They are in a quiet, secluded village, the inhabitants of which are mostly his own operatives." Mr. Sergeant will give you a clerkship there, and the pay will be ample for your support."

"But," said Paul, "may we not find Lovett?"

"As yet we have been able to find no clue to his whereabouts. He is a man not easily to be entrapped. But we can try further if you please."

"I will go up and look at the mills."

And so Paul Renford went up to Wild Wood, as Sergeant had named his settlement, and he found it rural and quiet enough. But it was a beautiful spot, nevertheless, and he had a strong inclination to accept the preferred situation. He returned to the city on the evening of the Mrs. Spaulding's grand party. He was wondering if he had better go, when he learned from a servant of the home that no invitation had been sent him. On that very afternoon he met the Misses Spaulding on the avenue, and they did not acknowledge his salutation.

"So, so," he mused. "And that's all I am worth to them!"

For a little time his heavy heart, but no pallid.

"Come, come, my boy," he exclaimed, uniting himself upon his breast, "there may be something in life yet. Be brave!"

And on the very next day he accepted the leadership at the Wild Wood Mills, and entered once more upon his duties. For a time he found it dull, hard work; but gradually his health improved, and the vigor of youth came back to him; and under simple living his muscles grew and strengthened, and his whole frame came into perfect tone of manly beauty and elasticity. And now his duties became light and cheering, and he sang and whistled as he worked.

The overseer of the mills was Mr. Grayson, and with him Paul found a home. Mr. Grayson's daughter, Delia, was a healthful, light-

hearted, true spirited girl of nineteen. She was one of those blonde beauties whose presence is sunshine, and her merriment rippled like the music of dancing waters in the pebbly brooklet. The student of human nature who hears that laugh, would unquestionably declare that only a heart of native purity and gentleness could underlie it.

At first Delia Grayson, when she saw that Paul Renford was weak and dejected, sought to cheer and entertain him. She had heard the story of his great loss, and she pitied him. She played for him upon the harp and upon the piano, and she sang to him, and talked with him. But by-and-by, when he had grown strong and vigorous, and when his innate manhood had manifested itself, she grew shy and tasteful, and finally sought to withdraw him.

And then, for the first time in his life, Paul knew what true love was. For the first time he experienced that sense of devotion which leads the heart to offer itself upon the altar of faith in the woman loved. He asked Mr. Grayson if he might seek his daughter's love. The owner did not object.

And Delia? Had Paul been as versed in reading the human heart in its native truth as he had been in translating the siren song of flattery, he might have known that the love of the beautiful girl was all his own.

So, when Paul Renford had been a year at Wildwood, Delia became his wife, and he was happy—happier far than he had ever been, and he was advanced in the mills from a clerkship to a responsible agency; and thus he had frequent occasion to visit the city; but there was nothing in its din and glare attractive to him, and he always came home with a deeper and more abiding love for his own fond hearthstone at Wild Wood.

During the first year of Paul's marriage a branch railroad was opened to Wild Wood, and thus they were within an hour's ride of the city; and the mill property was greatly enhanced in value.

"Ah," said the young man, one day as he stood upon the piazza of his cottage, and looked off upon the rolling landscape of hill and dale that stretched away beyond the river, "if I only owned that sweep of land!"

"It is certainly a pleasant prospect," said uncle Betterman, who had come to pay Paul a visit.

"Aye," added Paul, "and how it may increase in value now that the rail has opened this way!"

At this juncture Delia came out and called them in to tea. She took uncle Anson by the arm, and told him he was her prisoner. And he bent over and kissed her, and said it would be a most blessed imprisonment.

"Don't you find it so, Paul?"

"It is heaven where she is!" was Paul's answer.

And upon this she left uncle Anson, and threw her arms around her husband's neck.

"Dear Paul! You are a blessing to me!"

Shortly afterward the old merchant said to his nephew:

"Paul, do you ever find yourself longing for the oil in the city?"

"Does the saved mariner look back with longing upon the fearful death he has escaped, and willingly return to storm and wreck?"

"I think not, my boy."

"And can a man, in his full sense, long for the dross and glare of the empty life that brings only pain and unrest, when a bright spirit like this holds watch and ward for him in his nest?"

"All right, my boy, and meantime I will be thinking too."

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"Uncle Anson—What is this?"

"Do you not guess?"

"I dare not. Tell me."

Again the old man took his nephew's hand, and after a brief pause, he answered:

"Paul, you may blame me, if you choose—you may heap wrath upon my head if you like—but you must know that Lovett has only acted at my bidding. I sent him away, and he staid away until I called him back. I saw you falling and sinking, my boy. I saw my sister's son wasting and dying of disease which could not be cured except he could be lifted up. I saw his young manhood—so full of native power and goodness—bowed and—"

"Stop! stop!" said Paul, raising his other hand. "I see it all."

"And do you blame me?"

"Blame you!"

"Aye, do you blame me for the hard, harsh remedy I applied?"

"Blame you, uncle! Shall I blame you for my manhood, health and strength and vigor? Shall I blame you for this?" And he let go his uncle's hand, and drew his wondering wife to his side.

"I only pray to God that the return of my lost wealth may not cause my wife to love me less. It can never overshadow with its bulk these other joys which have grown up from the better life!"

It was all as uncle Betterman had said. Lovett had gone away at his order, having first secured the property so that no harm could befall it—and he had been done that Paul might be thrown upon his own resources, and thus be saved from the sight that was eating away his young life. And it had worked well.

And when Paul Renford had received back his great fortune he was true to his promise he had made concerning the beautiful tract of land beyond the river; and this is the true story of how the toilers of the city came to be blessed with those beautiful homes in the Eden of Wild Woods.

*Speech of Hon. J. J. Davis.*

In the House of Representatives, at Washington, on last Monday week, the question being upon the calling of the vote of the ineligible elected from Pennsylvania, Mr. Davis, of North Carolina, said:

"Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Virginia [Mr. Tucker] has alluded to the fact that gentlemen on the other side of the House regard it as trivial matter and a technical one that votes shall be opposed here upon the simple ground that they are cast by persons declared by the Constitution ineligible to be appointed as electors. I think, sir, that we have fallen upon evil times when gentlemen can declare openly that anything incorporated in the Constitution by the fathers of our country is trivial. That Constitution declares that—

No Senator or Representative or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector.

That position clearly and by every rule of

construction applied to the time of appointment and not the time of casting the vote. That is so plain that I am astonished that any man with a legal mind can raise any question or doubt about it. But is it trivial? Is it technical? Was there not some reason for that provision?"

Mr. Speaker, there was nothing put in vain by the founders of the Government in this instrument called the Constitution. What was the purpose of it? Why, it was to prevent influence being exerted by Federal office-holders to control elections in the States and thus secure an election of a President by improper influence. And was it not wise? Why, sir, they thought so, and they thought so at a time when there were but few Federal office-holders. Here and there was a custom-house officer or postmaster. If it was wise then, how infinitely wiser now, when these officers are scattered by thousands over the land. I say that to charge that it is merely technical to exclude these votes is to charge our fathers with folly and want of wisdom. There was nothing they did that was not wise in this regard. We now have the country filled with unnecessary officers—many having no duties to perform but to receipt for their salaries and work for the Republican party.

It was on the following day—a beautiful day in early autumn—that Paul and Delia walked out upon the gentle hill that sloped up from the cottage. And again he looked off upon the grand spread of landscape beyond the river.

"Ah," said he, "if I owned that land I would do a good deed, Delia."

"What would you do?" asked a voice behind him.

Paul turned and beheld his uncle.

"If you owned that land what would you do with it?"

"I would make it bloom with life!" replied the youth, eloquently.

"Think now that civil liberty shall perish and law and order die, we say to you that if it be so that this child must be slain or given up to you, it shall not be destroyed. It shall not be divided; take the child; but you are not the true mother, you are the false, fraudulent claimant; take the child; we commit it to your bosom; but we will watch you and guard it, and if any attempt be made to annihilate it, or destroy it, or dwarf its fair proportions, we will with the courage of the true mother spring to its rescue, and you shall be destroyed and not it."

[Here the hammer fell.]

*The Machinery Act—The Change from the former Act.*

One assessor of personal property, either a justice or freeholder, is appointed in each township before the 15th of May, by the county commissioners, and is allowed \$1.50 a day for taking such list. All property is given in after the 1st day of June at its value on that day.

Deposits in banks are given in as solvent credit.

with maternal instinct of the mother said,

"Not so; let her take the child." And so in this case, rather than that civil liberty shall perish and law and order die, we say to you that if it be so that this child must be slain or given up to you, it shall not be destroyed. It shall not be divided; take the child; but you are not the true mother, you are the false, fraudulent claimant; take the child; we commit it to your bosom; but we will watch you and guard it, and if any attempt be made to annihilate it, or destroy it, or dwarf its fair proportions, we will with the courage of the true mother spring to its rescue, and you shall be destroyed and not it."

*Section 1. Every county is a body politic and corporate, and shall have the powers granted to it in the mountain-region of North Carolina.*

*Section 2. In each county there shall be elected biennially, by the qualified voters, thereof as provided for the election of the members of the General Assembly, a Register of Deeds, and Surveyor, and in such counties as the majority of the justices of the peace shall so direct, a Treasurer.*

*Provided, however, That a majority of the justices of the peace may abolish the office of the Treasurer, and therupon the duties and liabilities now assigned to the office shall devolve on the Register of Deeds.*

*Section 3. The townships hereinafter created or hereafter established shall be distinguished by well defined boundaries, and may be altered, and additional townships created by the Board of County Commissioners, but no township shall have or exercise corporate power whatever, unless allowed by Act of the General Assembly.*

*Section 4. The justices of the peace shall be elected by the General Assembly.*

*Land is not re-valued, except upon proof before the commissioners that it has appreciated or increased 25 per cent., when a new valuation credit shall be made.*

*Taxes are due on the first Monday of September, when the tax lists go into the hands of the Sheriff. The Sheriff cannot sell before the 1st of November.*

*The State taxes are to be paid into the treasury on or before the second Monday of January. (This does not apply to the school tax which is to be paid by the 1st of December.)*

*Sheriffs are not allowed to come to Raleigh for sediment.*



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The MEDICINE and HAND-ORGAN MAN, who

removed from this place to Thanesville, left

that town "dead broke," a short time since

according to report.

A SUBSCRIPTION was circulated, Monday, for

the purpose of raising funds to purchase a bell

for the Methodist P. Church, but with what

success we did not learn.

Mr. WALLER, late from Richmond, Va., has

resigned his position as business manager of

Wilson's Hotel.

CHIMNEYS.—We would advise our citizens to

see to it, when an opportunity offers, that their

chimneys are burnt out, as it costs but little

and may save a great deal.

THE VERNAL EQUINOX is on the 20th inst.,

and we may look for Equinoctial storms from

and after this date. So look out, as March is a

stormy month.

The ROASINS are here, but as yet in limited

numbers. Slingshots and guns will no doubt

be in readiness for their reception, by the boys.

Better let the birds alone!

The COUNCILOWS of Winston have ap-

propriated \$350 toward the equipment of

the Hook and Ladder Company which has

been organized in that place.

SCHOOL EXHIBITION.—An interesting exhibition

took place at the Chodfeller School house,

in Davidson County, on the 24th ult.

In the evening, Prof. Palmer delivered an

address to a large and attentive audience.

OUR COUNTY JAIL is at present well filled,

and additions are becoming more frequent—

20 odd at present, the number confined.

The chain-gang movement, we are gratified to

learn, will be instituted at an early day.

The COLORLESS SCHOOL, taught by Columbus

Reece, near Abbott's Creek, closed on last

Saturday with a public exhibition. We are

informed that the recitations and declaimations

by the scholars were delivered very creditably.

A FIRE.—At a house raising, in the lower

part of this county, a few days since, a difficulty occurred between Lorenzo Lambeth and

Philip Mock, resulting in a fight.

The case was tried before J. A. Tucker, Esq., in Winston, who bound Lambeth over to next Court

in the sum of \$200.

The borders of the flower beds in the gar-

dens are gay with the purple and yellow cro-

cus, white and blue violets, Iris or "Fair Maids

of Spring," and the charming pure Roman

Hyscill! Button-hole bouquets are becom-

ing quite common, behind which our young

gentleman grandly.

The FIRE INSURERS were out last week,

looking into the condition of buildings, and sub-

sequently, with a view to guard against fire, and

we pleased to state that, with some few ex-

ceptions, good care seems to be taken by our

citizens against this dangerous element.

Mr. Isaac Harris, while engaged in split-

ting rails a few days since, on the lands of Mr.

Harris, received a painful cut on the ankle,

from a blow by his axe, which will no doubt

prove a source of inconvenience for some time

to come.

Mr. J. C. Bexor is erecting a very tast-

y dwelling house in the western portion of

Winston.

Mr. Lewis Sweeney, Sr., has nearly comple-

ted his new residence near the Presbyterian

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## Poetry.

From the Raleigh News.  
THE LIGHTWOOD FIRE.

BY JOHN HENRY BONNER.

When wintry days are dark and drear  
And all the forest ways are still,  
When gray, snow-laden clouds appear  
Above the black horizon hill,  
When cattle all are singly penned  
And sheep are huddled close together,  
When steady streams of smoke descend  
From farm-house chimneys—in such weather  
Give me old Carolina's pride,  
A great log house, a hearthstone wide,  
A well-filled pipe of clay or briar,  
And a red, leaping lightwood fire.

When dreary day draws to a close,  
And all the silent world grows dark,  
When boars down the chimney blows  
And sparks fly from the crackling bark,  
When limbs are bent with snow or sleet  
And owls hoot from the hollow tree,  
With hounds asleep about your fire,  
'Tis grand to sit in reverie.—  
Give me old Carolina's pride,  
A great log house, a hearthstone wide,  
A cheerful pipe of clay or briar,  
And a red, rousing lightwood fire.

## Humorous.

### Shaft of Sarcasm.

The following is an abstract of Mr. Cox's speech in the House, Tuesday week:

Mr. Cox of New York said: After many years of active service as a member of this House, recalling all the vicissitudes of our politics for twenty years, I cannot feel responsible to-day that after the verdict of the American people, it should prove a fruitless verdict. In 1864, on the 16th of May, I presented a resolution to this House, which passed. It related to the regularity and authenticity of the returns of electoral votes and to the passage of a law to provide for the jurisdiction as well as the course of proceeding in case of a real controversy. The Judiciary Committee took no action at that time. Nor sir, do I feel responsible for the steps which were (wisely perhaps, or unwisely, but certainly with a view to prudence) taken in passing the electoral bill? That bill is the law. We know what it is, what its provisions are. We know what my friend from Kentucky (Mr. Watson) has said, that there was some share in it. [Laughter.] Laugh and jest as you will. I knew and felt that some virtue had gone out of this House when we had passed that bill, but I did not exactly see where the virtue had fled. [Laughter.] I knew that the old privileges of the commons had departed, but in the interest of peace I gave a reluctant vote for the bill. But one strange thing about the bill is this, that while we are permitted to vote in this House, yet after all it is a sort of post mortem vote. [Laughter.] Although we are permitted in to argue, it is argument and post factum. Although, sir, there is some mility in the dissection of the dead; and although there may be something gained by the dissecting of the living [Laughter], yet it seems to me to be proper now to look at one particular clause of the law, before I state my reasons for the protest against the measure.—We are graciously permitted, under this bill, to argue after the matter is accomplished, and although we vote and although we carry our vote in the House, we are gone! [Laughter.] We gain nothing. We are permitted to talk ten minutes after the counting and the conclusion. It is the old Virginian line of Ridgemanthus (Judge of hell), *castigat gus ad qui dolor*, the old rule of hanging a man and trying him afterwards. [Laughter.] That is our condition to-day, and what is it that we try? Why, sir, everything as to testimony and facts, and forgery, and perjury, and force, is alike outside not to be considered; truth and justice, and morality, and fair dealing, are aliunde. The House is aliunde. [Laughter.] Its acts and the acts of its committees and their reports, all the facts gathered in these Southern States are aliunde. [Laughter.] Nothing is to be considered but the bare, naked fact of a certificate based upon what? On forgery and chicanery; on a returning board, which returning board returned the fact, on 10,400 Democratic votes were not counted. I was about, Mr. Speaker, before the hammer fell, to refer to the Holy Writ, so that gentlemen on the other side may have time for repentance. [Laughter and applause.] With the permission of the House I will read Psalms 94, verse 20: "Shall the throne of infinity have fellowship with us?"

Mr. Kelley (rep.) of Pennsylvania. I object, [Laughter.]

Mr. Southard (Dem.) of Ohio. I hope the gentlemen on this side will listen to these words that they may have time to repent.

Several members objected.

Mr. Cox. The Bible is aliunde with these gentlemen. [Great applause.]

How does man differ from the brute creation? He stands upright; but he doesn't act so.

The market reports speak of the tendency of provisions as "downward." What more natural?

President R. B. Hayes will be known as Rotturn Board Hayes; and Willing Accomplice Wheeler is suggested as a proper name for the Vice-President.

"Did you do nothing to resuscitate the body?" asked of a witness at a coroner's inquest.

"Yes, sir. We searched the pockets," was the reply.

A gentleman had a board put up on a part of his land on which was written: "I will give this field to any one who is really contented," and when an applicant came he asked: "Are you contented?" The general answer was, "I am." Then what do you want with my field?"

While a man was singing the other day, "There's a Good Time Coming," another man arose and said, "Would you be so kind as to fix the date?"

## Agricultural.

[From the N. C. Farmer.  
What can be done on a Small One Horse Farm.

MR. EDITOR:—I live in the southern part of Forsyth county, near South Fork Creek. The land in this section is rather poor. I have quite a number of Dutch neighbors living near me, and they are generally good farmers. I will here give you a sketch of Mr. Andrew Reed's plan of farming, but before commencing, I would say, Mr. Reed has been suffering so much from rheumatism that he has not been able to more than superintend his farm. He has only a small one-horse farm and a hired boy to tend it. I will let Mr. Reed tell his own story, as follows:

"For my last wheat crop I broke my ground deep in August, then again in September, and then harrowed well. I sowed my wheat in October, and after sowing I rolled my ground leaving it level. In March I harrowed and rolled my wheat again. I harvested from 36 square rods a little more than 9 bushels of wheat. I had one piece containing two acres. I divided it into two equal parts, and the one part I did not harrow and roll in the spring, from this part I raised 234 bushels, from the other which I harrowed, I raised 314 bushels.

I broke my corn ground deep in February. Listed it deep in March, crossed it off deep and covered my corn with plow. I did not break out the box until the ground was green with grass, then I took a narrow shovel plow and broke deep, and immediately harrowed my corn. I did not use a plow in tending my corn. I harrowed it four times. When the season was dry, I let the harrow next to the corn run deep enough to tear out the grass. I raised 450 bushels in all. From six acres I raised 160 bushels.

I prepared my potato ground by ploughing it in August, and ridged it to prevent it from washing. I turned my cattle on it about six weeks. I ploughed it and then turned them on it two weeks again later in the fall. I planted in January, making my rows 24 feet apart, and dropping 24 feet apart in the row. I covered about half of my patch with straw. I raised from half acre patch 95 bushels.

I have a small meadow of 7 acres. I never sell any hay off my farm, and by keeping it, I realize several profits. First, I can keep a good stock of cattle, and thereby make a large amount of manure.

Secondly, I sell yearly from an increase of cattle, about \$75 worth. Thirdly, from 9 milk cows I sell annually \$150 worth of butter. Fourthly, last season I put up six pigs in March and fed them altogether on milk, except two nibbles of corn apiece per day until September 15th, then I commenced feeding them on corn, and fed them two months, and the six then weighed net 1460 lbs. I butchered all in 2600 lbs. pork this season.

I take considerable time improving my ground. I save all the hay I can, and rot it for manure. Through the winter season, I take three or four days in each month in hauling leaves, and arranging my manure. I save from the hog pen 20 to 25 loads of manure annually. I do not try only to improve my ground by putting manure on it, but I keep all washed stopped with fine brush which I trim off my pine trees. I also keep trenches cut around my ploughed ground to prevent washing.

I will give you a statement of my surplus, produced which I sell annually after keeping plenty for family use, viz:

26,000 lbs. pork; less 800 lbs. for family use, 1800 lbs. for sale at 9 cents, \$162.00

450 bushels corn, less 250 bushels, for family use, 100 bush. for sale at 75c. 75.00

75 bushels wheat, less 50 bushels for family use, 25 bushels at 1.25. 31.25

95 bushels potatoes, less 20 for family use, 75 bushels at 50c. 37.50

Butter. 140.00

Pumpkins. 8.00

Turnips. 8.00

Garden stuff. 15.00

Amount of surplus sold yearly. \$ 576.75

Knowing Mr. Reed to be a man of truth, honor, and integrity, I can vouch for the truth of his statement, and if he can sell, \$576.75 surplus produce annually off his small farm, what is the use of so many quitting their farms and going west? They had better farm right, and it will certainly pay them. Examples like the above will prove this, and such examples can be had wherever a man takes hold with such earnestness and judgment as Mr. Reed does. I would say to all farmers, it will not pay to only half farm. You will always be in debt. Don't sell hay. Stop washes in your ground, improve your land and you will not find farming such a dull thing after all.

H. L. BECKERDE.

Fruit currants and gooseberries any time before the buds swell.

Pray should be planted at intervals of a few weeks till midsummer, to insure fresh supplies for the table. Keep clean and hoe frequently.

Carbolic acid diluted with water will destroy almost any kind of small insects, especially the small lice which infest poultry houses.

The plan of harrowing potatoes after planting and before they are far advanced is growing in favor. This allows the crop to have a good start of the weeds, and the potatoes are not in the least injured by the harrow.

When calves are intended to be kept for cows they should never be fattened when young. A thrifty growing condition is needed, and for this oatmeal porridge with skimmed milk is as good as possible. Where young calves are fattened, the tendency to fatten is easily established, and cows thus reared will always be better for feed than milk.

While a man was singing the other day, "There's a Good Time Coming," another man arose and said, "Would you be so kind as to fix the date?"

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During the Spring months, attention should be given to the decoration of Home Grounds.

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